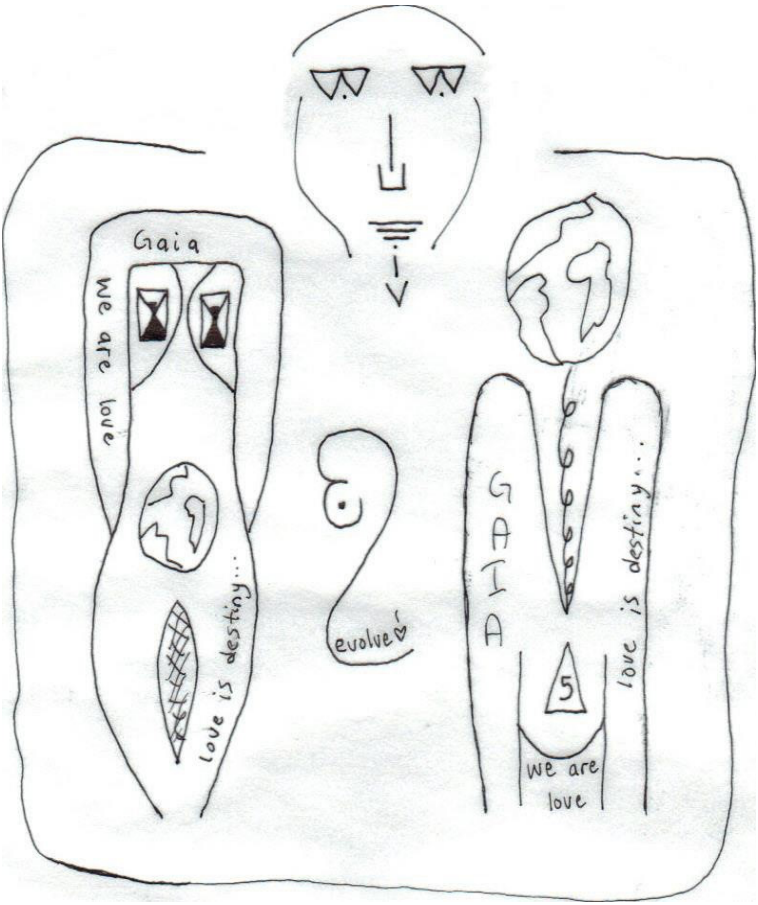
Zisa
Aziza
Saturnian
Luminatrix

SATURNIAN LUMINATRIX



Truth is my Compass, & Wisdom my Helm.

once you know, you cannot unknow.
once you have seen, you can never unsee.
once you have allowed yourself to feel,
you are freed from silence; for the submergence of
one's truth only births havoc within the self.

Zisa Aziza

Negress of Saturn's Deeds

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By God's Grace:

I will order darkness
To its rightful place.

“Political liberation is a harvest we indulge from the sprouted seeds of spiritual emancipation; between the material and the metaphysical, sublimation and subversion are how we embody our incursion. “

My Human Family

Detecting coherence when braille
is the dialect of translation
is akin to being a sommelier while sober.

Total Recall

I'm not woke,
I don't even know if I'm conscious

I speculate that while in stasis,
I have learned to meditate

"When maggots believe they are supreme fairies, white racial narcissism becomes a fog that imposes a textual suffocation upon us all."

Unholy Matrimony

Tithings and Taxes,
Lawsuits and Faxes

The funds paid to victims
of clergical pedophilia
and state sanctioned
police barbarism

The church and the nation
is a wedded despotism

"Evolution is an existential mandate.
Resistance is futile; do not
wrestle with fate."

End Scene

Y'all eating these battles,
I ain't even gon' hold you.

The pimps want to convince you that they
are ordained pastors as they sell you scripture.

Doctors pimp prescriptions, and professors,
with their inert curriculum.

The curators, who do not create,
wish to be relevant, so they curate.

The producers who scheme,
not a collaboration, but a money stream.

If folk are comfortable in a burning house,
I'll mosey my way to the new paradigm.

Because I'm pacing for the marathon,
I ain't fazed; this is but a single phase.

Sister Chores

Within my soul,
the sea recedes

Bloody are these shores,
neither seeds, nor spores

Top of Mind

Do lions envy dogs,
Do hunted pups submit to wolves?

When did psychopathy become a badge of privilege?

I got time...

Empty Chair

An institution that is determined
to indoctrinate will not invest
in the existential imperative for
you to self-emancipate.

You are responsible for suckling white
narcissistic baited delusions,
while bypassing your intuitive compass
for inclusion within their institutions.

"When the prototype mimics the counterfeit, I query the moon for the curse to remit."

Lest I not be Misunderstood

We breathe, we hustle
We love, we tussle

Love is not a luxury,
Love is a responsibility

Truth don't rust; she is eternal:

I'm not with your fraternal,
My mission is maternal.

Freedom cost, the currency is psychological;
Abstract materialization is ontological.

Adjacency to white supremacy is a quiche parody!

Because there is no exceptional victim
we ought to deinstitutionalize the pursuit
of freedom from within the system.

How dare we project our divine right of self-actualization as the failed conception of those bent upon our annihilation?

In this simulation,
we are diamonds in formation.

Why aren't you the embodied legislation of your ethical dictum?
Holistic health, is the symptom a schism? Have you distilled wisdom?

Between intrinsic incentive and moral bribery,
it is your soul that elected to entertain Earth's refinery.

"Time is but a leaf
of a tree we trust."

Tenured Cliché

You ain't fit to be my teacher
because you are subpar

I can't fathom how you've
gotten this far

A walking incomplete,
the do-do stains of the elite

"The cost is negligible; I prepaid for my Destiny by allocating all invoices towards negentropy."

I Swear

Goofs think
They Goons
But dey Gully

I don't come in peace;
I come to harmonize

I'm not a pacifier;
I'm an accelerator

Embellished mediocrity
Enforces a diversion,
Nullifying sovereignty

Time ain't had an abortion,
We NOT for auction

Aesthetic extortion,
Is colonial reapportion

Rebranding don't change the function,
Just the optics and its expressed dysfunction

Good for Sale

Melanin is a planetary commodity; it surpasses gold after lithium.

Parasitic psychic assaults, which we call microaggressions, along with industrialized imprisonment, gentrification, institutional neglect, organ trafficking and harvesting, wage and land theft, and the transphasic proponents of colonization, are the systemic means by which melanin is extracted.

It's not what's on us but what's in us.

Look at our motherlands; look at the pawned artists who taint our souls.

Never sign a **DNR.**
I *said* **NEVER**.

Chained Roots

You cannot be seen by those who do not know themselves.

> **We will not be saved by education, but the embodiment of knowledge and its application.**

I ask: what is the value of fire if you only feed your inflamed ego as you refute refinement?

When you believe that your proximity to colonial standards of beauty and worthiness deems you privileged, what is the implication? What might one speculate about the adulterated nature of internalized oppression?

The Talented Tenth is the self-elected house Negroes who dilute the visceral urgency to disrobe the psychological conditioning of enslavement by pandering to performative inclusion and respectability politics while positioning themselves as elitist gatekeepers.

In every room I enter, I smell chitlins with maple syrup.

You think Massa's descendants gon' accept you, despite the required miscegenation for breeding? Do you believe the same law rhetoric that conjured treaties and emancipation proclamations will genuinely honor your humanity? After all, France taxes their former colonial territories annually to the tune of half a trillion.

Although the ships docked, with those trafficked and the souvenirs of plunder, I live amongst a corrosive plight of melanin that has not yet disembarked their state of hostage.

> *You don't ask the devil to show you the light. Even if you learn his tricks, it is he who will delight.*

Litigation is not an Affirmation

If sovereignty is the objective, why would we berate the notoriously nefarious systems rooted in target-specific predation to inform us of the intended risks of being preyed upon?

Furthermore, why do we insist upon requesting permission to embody self-determination in the face of temporal annihilation? Truthfully, there is no need for a broker of information to prescribe us validation for the imperative of warranted existential caution.

Underwhelmed Frivolity is a Bore

Do not tell me about your battle sores,
when Earth is a war zone.

Instead, share with me how you sharpen your
blade of speech as you cast tone.

Wearing lead is inconsequential, although
essential, does not bestow a status that is
deferential.

Describe your transformation and what became
exponential; when you emit gold, your evidence
is existential.

"When paint believes it is the star of a sky for which it neither bears the brush strokes nor the canvas, I flutter with wry."

Performative Humility

Auditioning personas become resentful when they fail to imitate the anointing, and only the fragility of their masked narcissism finds this disappointing.

"The pathogenic parasite is as prevalent as hydrogen. The shells of skin that are intent upon psychic assault are spiritually malnourished anorexics who crave a predatory adrenaline rush with the addiction of a sadist." *#primitivepeasants #unholybastards #overcookedsemenbatches*

Liminal Disenchantment

Centuries after the Mayflower disembarked its foremost batch of demonically infected reprobates, I wonder what was brewing in Europe.

Exterminating evil can be tricky.

The transmissibility of this contagion defies the ecological laws that sustain life.

Africa is no innocent; she is a mesopredator.

America is a reenactment of the same old hoopla. I trust we'll resolve this idiopathic replicating code.

It's awfully ragged.

Olympia Prime

I cleave the pavement with a machete,
As I blaze the trail while steady

Time is both an asset and a liability;
Clarity imbues a holy fragility

Crack the trifecta of the encryption
Psychology, biology, neurology

Translate the pathology into mythology

Accelerate velocity, defy gravity
Execute the veracity; illustrate its capacity

Reassemble the firmament
As God's elected surrogate

Avant-garde Elitism

Translating artistic surrealism of a moment
cemented beyond the tangible is the enactment
of an asynchronized spatiotemporal understudy.

Frankly, multidimensional singularity is my
preferred delicacy.

Vintage Ideologies

We dissect legacy and make a gallery
of one's spiritual cadaver.

We clothe our intellectual persona with leaflets
that have been fossilized by fetishism.

These are the ingredients of culture;
this necrotic preoccupation epitomizes
parasitism.

Unfunded Cosplay

People want kombucha
Without a Scoby

People want liberation
Without embodied pedagogy

People think they smell like money,
Without budgeting reality

Lady Lice

passive aggressive
genetically recessive
demonically transgressive
spiritually immunosuppressive

The usual culprit,
must I be digressive

Columbus to Columbia

The enrollees of the Ivory Tower
are celebrated as they fornicate
with demonic ideologues who groom
them like guard dogs for an imperial graveyard.

Copper Sunset

If it's you,
Come back to me

I drip of the
Morning's dew

If it's you,
Come back to me

No more peekaboo,
We foreknew

If it's you,
Come back to me

Our magnetism
Is made of superglue

If it's you,
Come back to me

Synched queue,
Within purview

If it's you,
Come back to me

We'll leave
No residue

In God's Trust

I approached preserved honey,
who wore flakes of white gold on her crown
as she mirrored the moon

I hope she likes poetry:

If she were **Dorothy**,
I'd nurse the sea
to know her love for me

Theatre

I savor the present,
no matter how irreverent
the peasant

For I know the future,
and with my presence,
I thread the suture

The Saint

I met a broken vase
who battered with sound waves
for the attention of water
she could not absorb

If her soul were petals,
she was unrooted and brittle

"Although I identify as a poet, in truth, I am an existential scientist who paints metaphors as I devour animated folklore while casting rulings of cosmic law."

Decree, with Guarantee

In our surrender
we embrace descent

You bear the sole
responsibility for your soul

In our ashes,
rebirth splashes

By the lie, you twirl upon your tongue
You string the rope upon which your soul shall be hung

Lost on a Prairie

a wounded womb
with tired bosoms
makes love to bottles of wine

what trimmed her shine?
was she a pearl among swine?

in her aura, there is a strain
the slain scent bears a gritty stain

Truce

I understand that all sales
Are not refundable

I know that certain interior violations
Are not amendable

I appreciate that folks choose to go down with the ship; However, as a gatekeeper, can you pass me a tip?

We all have our lanes; I pray mine to be funded

A wandering Catalytic Mystic needs no 501 ©(3)
With a Trust, give your money directly to me

The interest on this investment will appreciate
When you return to heaven's gate

I do not speak with the sugar of cake,
But with the honey, God has granted life for love's sake

Anchored Pulse

Although it is known not to mix your colors
when preparing to wash laundry

The cinematic metaphors that are droplet
crumbs intended to steer our return to
enlightenment are scattered

We are the robots awakening
within the simulation

Ideology can be psychoactive,
Expansive or refractive

Protect your reception;
Sobriety is luxury

Cosmic Orchestra

As a conductor, I craft lyrical frequency,
and disperse existential warrants zealously
because the judicial sound is gleefully lethal in its
simultaneity.

Touche

We shouldn't be here;
The matter has gone awry

Nonetheless, at the thought
Of kissing you, I sigh

Spell: 047

Pain is a smoke alarm;

You don't smell carbon monoxide,
And yet, we know it's lethal.

Hypothesis Testing

Due to the requisite adaptation
of survival within existential fragmentation

I struggle to distinguish spiritual deformity
from complacent conformity.

Please verify the sentience.

"If this galactic warfare is a game of chess, in what dimension would you hide your queens?"

Spell: 046

The Magic School Bus
is loading:

I hope you know yourself.

Tea Chatter

If FEMA is broke,
When the FDIC gon' choke?

Sarcopenia and metabolic dysfunction
are preventative, not an inherent malfunction

Community over triviality;
In unity, we materialize our potentiality

Resurgere

The lullaby fades
Sensation cascades
States of consciousness
Are revolving dimensional doors

Upon these Earthly shores
My heart harmonizes the siege of irritants;
Understood to be the serendipitous nectar
Gifted by God as precipitants

Neither quicksand nor thin ice
Will impede my celestial trampoline
As I pirouette my return to paradise
With mermaids and cherubs by my side,
The heavens and the seas are my guide

"My ranking is not determined by the stealth tenacity of my warriorship, but by my inexorable allegiance to love, which facilitates life."

Energetic Squatters

An uncastrated Shanaynay
And a PCOS bearded stud trope
Are relished women-haters who seem
To find fully embodied womanhood
To be a circus spectacle

I wonder who is the prop
In their comedic stimulation

The mutation of lunacy
Is phenomenal

Verge to Surge

Joy be feeling like a hit of ephemeral
epinephrine, when I have pleasant exchanges
with my species

I feel myself levitate off the metaphysical slab,
Where I was praying to avert an anaphylactic
experience

“Artists are low-class bums until mined and refined and offered for auction, which garners profit for production.”

Railcar Snubs

I had a nonverbal conversation with an ivory cardboard, who insisted on holding the support beam as I boarded the stationary train despite barring my access to entry.

As we processed the laws of physics, she concurred that gravity is undeniable.

I also observed a cottage mannequin who felt entitled to a seat I was the most proximate to. Upon her thrust and failed comprehension of etiquette, spatial recognition, and human decency, she seemed to fawn with her passive-aggressive white woman demeanor.

These caricatures are propagating with no oversight.

Fabrics

I'm in the laundromat,
Folding the seams of
These wrinkled dimensions

The texture is visceral,
The stains, stubborn;
And my tears are not detergent

I cackle and lament,
As I pluck the lint:

We are born naked
And so shall we die

Spell: 045

Fear is venom,
Courage is adrenaline.

Truth can trigger either.

"Act your bloodline,
not your lineage."

Apt

The crescendo
is collapsing,
a fanned feign

"White Supremacists are the personification of inflated ideology because racism is intrinsically primitive."

The Fallibility of Reductivity

Every ecology requires a hierarchy
Systems structure in order, by godly

Degenerative inversions are the piracy of natural law by Galactic order, this is a sacrilegious flaw

"Within dysfunction, once a person can manage honesty, you must inquire why they are committed to the perversity; Although this may seem rhetorical, it is instructional."

Mental Dismemberment

In my hand, I bear a compass

As I step upon the fragments of time,
I walk into a nebula

I denounce this paranormal crime
By the trumpets, I declare prime

Credulous

I spent my year of Sabbatical
Observing grifters of excellence

The societal malaise is systematical
There is no cure for this terminal pestilence

Either jump ship, or pull the ejector lever
Spiritual evacuation is objective, not clever

"Seeking sense amidst insanity
is demanding water from a rock."

Performative Penance

Albeit, a case of supposed
unintentional accomplice,
by law, this chosen status
does not diminish
accountability

And the contention
with moral clarity
illustrates a dissociation
for the material gravity and
your lack of existential comprehension

Your desired absolution
Necessitates retribution

“Hubris is dangerous, but so is humility; Dance within the etched symmetry.”

De-Coupling

I now have an appetite
To savor my shadow

I have laid out the placemat,
With utensils and a coupe plate

That which I suppressed,
I shall venerate

Beware - It Knows You

When a person wears victimhood
as an identity and, upon meeting,
introduces you to their trauma pitch,
jump off the elevator.
Pull a reverse UNO and mock them.
Covert predators will mask, shapeshift,
gaslight, deflect, and render you the
aggressor of their identity narrative.
When this entity has proximity
to patriarchy or white racial narcissism,
you are a calculated mark. They have
assessed your empathy and seek to drill.
As if a bear were to hoover over you,
play dead, emotionally catatonic.
Save your pity and its grief, their
psychic illness is meta-chronic.

Due to the Absence of Suicidal Ideation or Masochistic Tendencies:

1. I **read** the labels on my food because diabetes type 3, Alzheimer's, is unnatural, and the frequency of receiving email alerts regarding missing elders would support this truth.
2. I **know** that chemical clarity and sobriety are revolutionary in a system that requires feeble-minded submission.
3. I **believe** that self-responsibility should not be outsourced.
4. I **understand** that when a tree is infested at the root, I must find new soil, no matter the cost, because my growth is not negotiable.
5. I **recognize** that my feelings are informed by the antennas of my senses, which I translate to inform my awareness of safety and concern.
6. I **trust** that living in truth and paying for coherence up front will be the most valuable asset of my being.
7. I **accept** that pain precedes delivery.

Spot the Money Mule:

The student: who takes out federally subsidized loans to pay for degrees that are supposed to endow social respectability.

The patient: who is lulled into complacent dependency to be a perpetual patient in need of a prescription.

The citizen: who is taxed as a peasant who never owns anything, and even in death, probate will claim the remaining coins.

The soldier: who is a blood money sacrifice for the dark warlords who feed the nonphysical intruders with military aggression and psychological warfare.

For whom is our species a drug coyote?

Civic Duty

I'm feeling generous:

Because evil is self-aware, in the discomfort of
socially palatable violence I withhold care, and
by God's grace, the truth I will share.

Silver Loc'd Warrior

Heaven must've
been on strike,

Because God took
her pleasure with you!

-30 Hours

I met a Greeter tick,
While at TJ Maxx

It was a covert attack.

This menopausal pest should focus
on her crookedly stank weave track

I know I coexist with Zionists.

No matter the gesture
The soul rot will fester

A desperate bid for the scales
Will not balance a life of bloody sails

A negrotic tapeworm
Violated my womanhood

With DARVO, he became a victim.

In search of a spiritual tit
From the women he deems unfit

Plot Twist: *Two white women intervened to protect him from accountabili*ty!

Leeches embody a loyal proclivity
for amoral admissibility.

Formless Flow

As the clock melts,
I feel the hands of time

Weave into patterns
that defy construct

The convergence leaves
me awestruck

Stalled Programming

Because the soul is an interface for its spirit,
the heart hertz must synchronize
to disengage automation.

The best course of treatment
for hacked code is integration.

"Elitism is a systematized counterfeit rendition of nobility, a knockoff wannabe regality."

Egress Op

I'm an existential swat team
Coming in undercover

Pitch deaf;
Call me a twisted lover

Listen, Pookie

Tell your Kool-aid gremlins,
I'm peachy.

I respect the dysfunction,
Just keep it Gucci!

Be consistent with the antics,
I'm not with the off-hood theatrics.

Oh, Hades

You tipped
the hands of fate

Always punctual,
NEVER late

Love is Lord

Heavy is my mantel,
as I walk this torch
through the grave

I sear sound,
and upon time,
Truth I engrave

Half-Baked Swindlers

Elitism is a hollow persona that necessitates
an insolvent character that vacates authenticity.

Hyping the hustle for financial sovereignty
in a Ponzi corporatocracy is subterfuge.

Radical self-responsibility requires a reckoning
with objective reality.

No one is coming to save us;
This reset will be the last
for some of us.

Outlaw Grieves

When revolution is an aesthetic,
Evolution is a societally administered anesthetic.

Performative dissent is flexing theory
With no intent to embody praxis

I neither desire nor intend to rock the boat,
Instead, I'm summoning the seas

Of every dimension to levy
This motherfucker, with ease

Prison Break

There's only one diamond
I came to claim

Every flame I ate
Because I trust our fate.

XxXx

By glory, I am flooded,
For God has trusted me
To be worthy of his forging.

The despair, I mourn:
By blood, I am sworn;
By word, I am reborn!

Forensic Assessment

Systemic parasitism is elaborate;
Planetary dysfunction is deliberate.

This species bears all the tools, intelligence, and capacity to evolve but lacks the moral impetus.

Despite the inability to exercise one's divine volition, apathy and amoral complicity render you an accomplice against Divine Law, for this incarnation is not an audition.

Mind the company you keep, for we are not beholden to the same contracts or consequences.

When your assets are not in the same currency, mitigating the liability hits you with a different urgency.

> *Free Will is a vetting scheme,*
> *a divine sift because embodied*
> *truth is* supreme.

So, If I Understand Correctly?

Social determinants of health, which are predicated upon colonialistic stratification and parasitic extraction, facilitate health disparities that legitimize the Medical Industrial Complex and its predation of marginalized populations across the lifespan.

Although the legislation on abortion that prohibits a woman's bodily autonomy seems to have been a political and legislative debate, do I now understand that End of Life Assistance (euthanasia) is the new mascot for the capitalist-engineered eugenic disposal of "eaters"?

More obtuse, this lecture at Columbia University, which rambled the most ineloquent and trivially plagiarized conglomerate of ideations, occurred within a week of the state-sanctioned murder of an evidentiary innocent Black Man, Khalil Divine Black Sun Allah.

As I observe the absurdity of reality, I am divinely assured that the performativity of neuroinvasive and endoparasitic entities insists that we consent to the annihilation of our

species and its habitat by conflating and
collapsing the inter-relationship of cause, effect,
and free will.

I experience whiplash from the preponderance
of echoed word salads on a mindless loop.

Poisonous Pollen

I ought to dilute this fire
so I may sculpt the rage into medicine.

I learned my blood was a delicacy
when I mistook sharks for dolphins.

Energy morphs, but its code is constant;
The insidious mold, a spiritual insolvent.

"Joy without metabolized rage is a dissociative mechanism that facilitates a psychospiritual bypass that enables compliant conditioning— this is existentialist delusional."

Rotating Escalator

I marvel at the genetic expression
of abundance that is curated by
this divergent reality with the awe of
witnessing the dynamic wings of butterflies,
the dance of nectar-seeking bees, and the
varied vibrance of petals in *God's Garden of Life.*

"If you don't peep the channel, tune your station; upgrades are a decided elevation."

Evolutionary Socio-Political Development

In the pursuit of multiplication,
we must halt the division to arrive at infinity,
where we will circumscribe
our collective divinity.

"Belief is the spark that triggers atoms to materialize."

Systemic Obsolescence

In the same way, your fridge, tablet, and fast fashion pants have been designed to become useless in a few seasons; your political, medical, and educational infrastructures breadcrumb you so you're coerced into loving dependency and believe choosing between an HMO plan or gang colors with animal prints is the hallmark of democracy, with a tethering fiat currency.

Anybody else see folks walking around with black-eyed souls? Still, are we not gonna talk about this psychologically violent and parasitic web of systemic annihilation as we choose dissociation as the path to submission?

Anecdotal Empiricism:

When I informed my Gastroenterologist that I believed I had IBS, he didn't suggest that a stool sample be collected; he immediately scheduled me for a colonoscopy and took biopsies. Never did he suggest Epsom salt as a laxative or inquire about parasites. This dude had me waiting on Zoom for 35 minutes and then called my phone. Frankly, it seemed as though he had just woken up. It was after 11 am. NYP, you hire anybody?!?!

I had a decrepit Psychiatric Nurse Practitioner who thought she could bully me into maxing out a dose of a neurotoxin I didn't need. After I put my foot up her ass by asserting my boundaries, and we took two years to titrate, this heifer stopped answering my emails when I requested paperwork to be signed. She stated that I no longer had a mental illness. The same lady who wanted to max out my psychotropic med, the same lady who insisted on everything, but schizophrenia was in my wheelhouse, suddenly thought, at most, I had PTSD.

The New Hampshire-type white Latina Brazilian, Spanish-speaking Primary Care Physician, who suggested I address my fatphobia when I was Class 3 obese, denied my request for a glucose monitor to be prescribed because she doles out insulin every day.

When I tell you that being a patient felt like a nonconsensual codependent sadomasochistic dynamic, I am being diplomatic in my description.

Medical apartheid is genuinely a vast caste system of dehumanization.

"The differentiation between brilliance and insanity is a marginal variance in thread count; parallel, the same delicacy of fragility applies to the textures between holy and accursed."

General Inquiry:

Why do we excavate the past if we deny its legacy in the present?
Who curates your heroes?
Who is the arbiter of your cultural esteem?
Why are these distractions circus attractions?
Why are we remiss to carry the baton forward in the pursuit of our collective spiritual emancipation?
Why are we abundantly entertained by the happenings upon this reincarnation plantation?
Why is that?

"If life is a university, and we are here to learn, I am shadowing this timeline because the curriculum is unsuitable for this species."

Not to be Dramatic, But—

Frequency is the key to cracking the lock of this entangled temporality. Love ain't for naught. Fuck what you thought, this shit is fraught.

Do you want to fight for the transformers or ask how endocrine disrupters alter humans chemically at all stages of development? And is transhumanism how the fourth dimension gets vehicles to roam?? Weren't they expelled?

Is anybody else concerned about why the medical system will turn you out faster than a pimp who wears a rosary? You be crippled, broke, battered, and running to the pharmacy.

Do we understand our legal system? Are you reading your edition of the Black Law's dictionary? Maritime Law seems to have taken over the shores, leaving Natural Law and Justice riddled with sores.

Also, whether you're banging for the donkey or elephant, are you curious why our food and its ecological system are under incessant attack from the non-Doctor ass Dr. Bill Gates with his megalomaniac exhibition of agroterrorism? He looks like Jim Jones, with seeds that kill over perpetuity.

Y'all still slurping that trick-bait identity trauma essentialism for a non-black woman who loses her verbal acumen when she addresses Black Americans, the one who looted a milli and stacks from the *Divine Nine*? I guess the talented tenth never checked their commissary deed because your self-importance and insularity is more inflated than this amerikkkan fiat currency.

I throw a Hail Mary whenever I listen to someone pick their emotional and ancestral wounds because they want pity, not actionable reflection. They want a bottle and celebration without evolution. I feel people's energetic and cognitive deficiencies and their intent to leech

me. I sense people eating their hair while wearing a Gucci-down outfit. I see people masking halitosis with Cartier bling. I clock possession because I know the devil thinks he gon' win.

Well—let me get on and twerk with my olive oil, tourmaline, and sage as I pass notes through my womb because it's full fucking steam ahead. I'm straight out of perfume, and my polite decorum is a ripped costume.

"If the Earth is a spiritual form of Supervised Release, where we are quarantined, I am convinced that folks don't adequately appreciate this token of time and the imperative to redeem one's eternal soul."

You Know, You Be Knowing...

You have a screen cover for your phone, but you don't believe in rental insurance?

You are drooling with hatred with your "Fu * k Hamas" shirt, but can you touch your toes? How is your metabolic function?

You are concerned about my hair length enough to inquire if I have alopecia but less concerned about your relapsed cancer as you chain smoke weed and cigarettes like an aggy feign who can't quench the possession?

You violate my auric field by sitting within 18 inches of me where there is ample space for you and your bike elsewhere. You are seemingly very concerned about who and what is being recorded at the Whitney Museum, but you refuse to wear a helmet as a 70-year-old who bikes inter-borough. There are things worse than death, you know?

You, a social worker and program director, ghost me, a recipient of what you collect a check for, and then pop up and spill trauma while deathly refusing to mimic the scent of accountability, and then threaten me when I revoke access? Are

those water pills dehydrating your humanity, or have you always been anemic?

"Racism is a hyper-pronounced expressive symptom of demonic parasitism."

Central Park: Thoughts on a Rock

How does a society value success yet loathe intelligence?

A Black lady in a white space, who is not in service to whites, is surveilled contraband.

I see embodied genetic wealth, an appealing stock, but when they emit speech, I observe intellectual and spiritual bankruptcy; it's a subtle shock.

Issue

It's never the tool,
always the sentience
of its application.

"Between picked and chosen, I always praise the Lord for the latter."

Textual Discordance

I quake and mute my cringe
when I witness the spiritually neutered
unaware of their psychic vertigo

Disorient Development

When the cohesion of language and objective matter does not correspond among monolingual people, cognitive dissonance delivers transrelationality, whereby awareness and its dimensions are incompatible for synchronization.

"Although I am not a power-bottom, the indulgence of weaponized incompetence has reframed the necessity of my pivot to embrace a role of requisite intrusive oversight as commonplace."

Intercession Intermission

under the eclipsed
Piscean super full moon,
on a day imbued by Mars,
Sophia prayed with a vengeance,
invoking her celestial mandate
for Dorothy's return.

upon the next Sun,
Saturn met Venus
at a buffalo square,
where both gladly shed,
and with grace,
exchanged sound
sealed by a hug.

"Because there are no free lunches, there are no safe spaces."

Endnote

'I'm covered;
Stay safe.'

Dragon Harvest Moon: Oh, Dorothy...

By the authority vested in my blood and our
Union, that defies the spatiotemporal
continuum, which is only beholden to love,
I declare I'm coming for all that is mine—every
ounce of the loot.

You and I are of a single emanation,
the entangled spark of merged sentience;
we are sanctioned by the celestial courts.

I gladly report that I have encountered many of
the descendants of our dissolved kingdom.
I assure you, their nobility is intact.

Until we meet,
I summon you,
*With every breat*h.

Extras

When the tune switch up,
I match the tone

You peeped my throne,
Now you a hacked drone

With grace, I chose to atone;
I wouldn't throw your ass a bone

Relational Sores

When you don't see yourself,
patterns become mirrors
that mimic the echo
of your vacant self-awareness
as a stringent crescendo.

Lord Forgive Me

Darker the berry
don't mean the sentience
is less sedentary

Although sweet,
we should mind
what we eat

Speech, skin, energy
Mind, body, soul

Keep your money
You can't afford truth's toll

A single dot don't make a trinity

If it ain't anchored by divine infinity,
Fuck proximity and its affinity

Respectfully, my spiritual consumption
Is restricted to celestial alkalinity

Dear Shining One:

Although your womb was not a privileged portal for delivery, as you shuffled the fields of capitalism and nursed the illnesses of your progenitors, all lessons and blessings are not immediately translatable. Comprehension lags because context is impending.

Every gardener doesn't toil with the soil. Whether they water the mind and nurture the spirit or soothe the heart with divine trickery and bewitchment, they fulfill a prerogative that ensures that the living endures, no matter the worldly detours.

Menopause, a significant juncture in the journey of womanhood, makes the departure from viable reproductivity seem as stark as wilderness at midnight.

However, those who require iron chew ice and crave red clay.

Aren't you worthy of your own time, attention, and unmitigated devotion?

Haven't you tended to the needs of others sufficiently to be deserving of all your gifts?

I pray you to simmer in the waters of your bountiful essence and remember that you are yours and you are worthy of yourself.

With grace, in having yourself, you can apply your gifts as the architect of your joy; that which you create, you will mother.

> *Not all wombs transport flesh; many are tunnels beyond the ether, where we smuggle the ineffable and intangible until they become perceivable.*

Reflecting as I Digest Kefir & Chia Seeds:

I have been privy to observing a programmed series of 304 behaviors, where every aspect of lust and desired intimacy is a transactional operation.

Concurrently, arrested development and woeful incompetence appear pervasive and prone to hyper-defensive dismissal of objective reality.

Although I want to celebrate free will, I am coerced into micromanaging every aspect of my life because Murphy's law is absolute.

Hmm, do I think I want some applesauce...?

**“If abortion is murder,
rape is genocide.”**

Planetary Trafficking

From a decolonial bird's eye view,
the nation-state is a delegitimate aggregation
of stratified caste systems
that mock sovereignty
while obliging the dictates
of militarized economic mandates.

"How is space owned
when time cannot be patented?"

Dis-Ease

Grace is acidic
to a nidorous soul

Upon their face, the theft
of wickedness is a scroll

Hegemonic Entrapment

We rummage and curate the words of the dead because those who vociferate in the present threaten the lullaby we are compelled to fine-tune.

Although these identities are both chains and garbs that we decry yet cling to like premature children, we are undecided on our collective liberation because we'd have to exercise a demolition of our nostalgic identities upon which our ruminate trauma is rooted.

The Imperial silence is akin to white noise
Where thunder strikes like death
And by unarmed blood, I am spiritually waterboarded
But in my citizenship, I ought to feel ***awarded***

We are squatting in ideologies that are housed on lands that shift political tectonic plates upon our footing.

Democracy is a phenomenal production of dramatism that corrals the slumbered with scripted lies:

As a black magician who conflates freedom with surveillance and safety with submission, with our

attention hypnotized, we eulogize sovereignty, as the spawns of Moloch assume authority in their theocracy.

Remember Yourself

This playpen is not your kingdom;
It is the grounds upon which you spar
For the divinity of your destiny

Your amnesia is a scar,
Awake within your avatar;
Let's complete this cosmic chore

"The most effective revolution would facilitate the transcendence of your evolved soul out of the cycle of reincarnation; all else is an energetic substitution of egoic prostitution."

Translatable

luxury defies the material,
for it is existential;

the cost of spiritual evolution
is unquantifiable, and its
ardor is not reimbursable.

Numinous Gardner

I drip seeds onto concrete soil
at the peak of night,

Trusting a sprout will bloom
upon adequate light.

Princess Cut

Married to the word,
bound by the deed

This matrimony
is a divine creed

Twined Rhetoric

Zionism and White Racial Narcissism
Europeans and their Jews,
an infestation of supremacy ensues

I'm clocking dejection in all the hues
How did unelected con artists put work on us
With GOD's tools?

All my cousins are sentient;
Color was never a clue
Nor the god you tote for the hate you spew

Opportunity

Is it a bridge,
Or a trap?

Check the smell test;
Venom is Neurolinguistic crap.

In Other Considerations

Stigmatization enables neglect, whereby collective denial becomes structurally embedded. As we externalize change and outsource self-responsibility, we promote indignant despair. It is apparent to me that accountability triggers an autoimmune response that is exhibited as Cluster B personality disorder activity. If self-correction is deemed psychologically repulsive, what is the health quality of one's soul, and how does one's environment mirror this metabolic dysfunction?

"The more evil we enable,
it is our divinity we disable."

Framework

Whether it's a Vault or a Tomb
It's the story you tell yourself

Because fact and fiction
Are threaded by our imagination

Invocation: 000

God is good.
God is great!

I am a seed,
Planted to create!

Radiant Quiescence

The opaque chains are tightening
Transferable empathy is enlightening

All good deeds don't feel good

Time ain't never stood still
We are the architects of Divine Will

Within, activate the genes of God
May your thoughts be the rod

Court Life

As a ubiquitous defendant of the Special Victims Unit, I accuse the multi-level coordinated collusion of economic, educational, religious, political, and social infrastructures of perpetuating a culture that is rooted in grooming and gaslighting.

As a sovereign being, I denounce every machination that ascribes my inherent worth as a colonized source for its intended extraction and domination.

In My Hood

After I made ferocious love with the sun,
as I wield my Captain's Helper,

My brisk jaunt was a kiss upon dusk.

In pursuit of home, a hood rodent
excreted, "Weird Bitch!"

These parasitic infestations encased in melanin
insist that they are owed attention.
Weird is very apropos, as the original
etymological meaning is "having the power to
control destiny."

I thank this flagrant mite for articulating her
knowing; despite being unworthy of a desired
bark.

Star Folk

Earth is a lab;
12 Monkeys

We perform an autopsy on the timeline
Sometimes, the case study can feel egregious

Observe the specimen;
Distill medicine

The archons are a failed regimen

"Don't envy another's character; rewrite your self-narrative because life is a revisable manuscript."

Besieged by Gratitude

As I scope out the blasphemous nature of inverted hierarchies, where the most recessive genetic expression is at the apex of the human ecosystem, born of lands with the least natural resources, who covet the riches of this world, I am consumed by divine objectivity.

Upon this black-and-white chessboard of a corporeal war, I ask, by whom was time torn?

My most profound appreciation is for the despicable bloodline from which my emanation was borne.

The multivariate enactments of violence I endured were my training.

It is an esteemed honor to be disdained by filth.

As I now meditate upon this eternal simulated war, I summon all entities who are intent upon their return home to come forth and steer this ship onto steady seas.

Of one frequency, of one accord, we shall manifest the axiom that *Love is Destiny.*
As we awake and assume our rightful duties, we become the singularity.

Passerby

If you ain't smelt the smoke,
For your soul, my words seek not to poke.

May your ghost be incendiary,
With whom, your will shall stoke.

Tree Bounty

In this season of life, I am evidently
experiencing an energetic eviction.

God Bless those who live with conviction.

I'm a multi-genre character,
A hyperdimensional warrior.

Imma make it home!

Cuz' me and the Holy Spirit concur.

A Seagoat's Hymn

Dorothy, will you peruse
the honeycomb that is my soul?

Honey lasts forever,
but dreams of you take a toll.

I got the gas, and you, the key;
time is a referee, and I'm clearing the debris.

Sirian Operative: 322

I dream of inviting symmetry into a world
flowered by incongruence and watered by
pathological dissonance.

Forthwith, the bifurcation coalesced by light and
dark is a steadied vacillation, where I submit to
divine gestation.

What Say You?

In a society that insists upon overriding nature,
my pursuit of lumination is an intrinsic
motivation.

I decline the subjugation of the scepter's
political correction and inculcated sedation.

Between inflation and terroristic vaccination,
my tongue will not be the site of sterilization.

Reclamation is a procedural application
of demperialistic emancipation.

Revolutionary Bookstore

Folks want a systemic cure when their analysis is topical, and the issue is existential.

These folk want to treat the chronic malaise of society with jolts of reactive protest and impulsive political tantrums, not realizing that oppression is asymmetrical warfare and controlled media platforms are psychic cannon fire that gnaws at one's cognitive functioning and intrinsic impulse for self-determination. These same folk think everything is a matter of numbers and you need a leader to show you the way, as she's seated on death's doorway with grown children and time to volunteer at a bookstore for revolution.

As I spoke with this white woman who was intent upon emotionally baiting me with black trauma, I could see she had too many natural teeth to understand we ain't nibbling on the same reality.

Sentience is highly dissimilar when folks cherry-pick the truths that conform to their conditioning while rambling delusions of grandeur as hallucinations of a political uprising.

Suppose you renovate a home by plastering new tiles over old, new paint on top of the mold and smiling when it's sold. After the elation of fulfilling a mandate of the illusory American Gaslighting Dream scam, you don't think the homeowner will get sick?

I believe the American populace is that homeowner who never properly sat with the deed of this American Dream.

If folk can't acknowledge that their ancestors were avid lynchers and practitioners of cannibalism, stand down your white saviorist complex because YOU are the mutated evil that knows itself well enough to omit its own name.

Mutation loves a revolution; it provides cover for it to shapeshift. Evolution is a wildfire that purifies the soil to seed a paradigm shift.

Glares of Respite

If words were paint,
As our eyes lock,
And we exchange attention
I kidnap your imagination
To join my trek, where
The spatiotemporal fusion
Implodes nonlinear dimensions
As we withdraw faith from breath's pension

The Master's Tools

Upon this refurbished plantation,
Of a democratic hallucination
My senses are saturated by the perception
Of Amerikkka's rebranded mutation

I trained at the Ivory Tower
*To study strategic subver*sion

Where I learned the smell of Elite
indoctrination is a putrefied flower;
Like fungus, knowledge, I repurpose for an
existential incursion

Thoughts of a Troll

If I were a conspiracy theorist, I would postulate that bonafide ignorance is a psychic cyst, to which many enlist and seem enthused by the kickbacks gained as their misaligned embodiment subsists. When confusion is the foundation of psychopathy, clarity is an elixir that reverses entropy.

"Although I am perimenopause, my first quarter on earth was purely onboarding. Through experience, I sought knowledge to indulge my hoarding. I welcome every sunrise to peek and peel at the wisdom that time has gracefully gifted my affording."

Puzzling Forecast

Since I began to shed my energetic imprint, I have observed that I am a little Red Riding hood. Many dynamics that were nourished by my blind trust and conditioned submission are seemingly behaving like a wolf who is huffing and puffing, as though it could blow the sun out of my horizon. As I ripen like a siren, my fire seeks to enlighten.

Anyone who prowls my honey to siphon should know you cannot rob the personified convergence of blood money; Destiny will proceed without divergence.

Divine Custody

Because I know movies are documentaries,
With my frequency, I skip multi-dimensional
refectories;

As I catalog and reconstitute my sedated memories

Dorothy lives in the Big Apple
Cell #12 at OZ was a secret chapel

Acorn was a flop, so I went West
For 12 years, I elected to rest

Parable of the Trickster,
The script feels sinister
Antipsychotics induce spiritual quarantine;
All chemical escapism numbs the obscene

Society dances in an animated trance;
Emotional catatonia is a morbid romance

"When common sense becomes radical, life is fundamentally paradoxical."

Internal Shepherd

No professor, priest, or doctor will free you from
the subservience of your submission

Pray at the altar in the mirror;
No one is more trustworthy
than your higher self

Citation Circus

Historians who research
become archeologists who
crown themselves architects
of legacies they reconstruct
that occupies the colonies of theory
which are inflated by adulation

Post-it

If I am an equation, you cannot process,
I posit that our assignments are nonequivalent;
As I emulate the embodiment of a militant
medicament.

Truth Telling: 000

I had a demented primary care physician for half
a decade who eagerly referred me for a repeat
MRI but, with arrogant paternalism, refused to
prescribe me a glucose monitor. This heifer even
sought to gaslight me by suggesting that an
apparent redundant A1C test could result in
Medicaid sending me a bill.

I welcomed her clown threat.
Run my test, you dumb broad!

The devil wears a stethoscope,
Your misery is their dope.

Not Alone

When a species becomes allergic
to its environment, might ecocide be
a mechanism to facilitate terraforming as
a passive-aggressive form of an exterminatory
eviction?

Out of Bound

God protect she who can see:

Everybody like a Mammy but not a Negress;
It must be too close to the Empress.

We serve Black Trauma as a buffet
But Black Rage, we quarantine like a stray prey.

If representation is conflated with revolution,
Psychopaths have successfully patented
absolution.

Although I hear words as if sound waves could
break the surface, I observe breadcrumbing with
lip service.

The Planetary Plantation is fenced in by
ideology; As an evocative Negress, I dare dissect
the pathology.

Lord, give me grace:

Because my silence will not protect me,
in my dreams, I cop reason and smuggle sound
into this dimension cloaked in truth—
Where I enact energetic resistance as defiance.

My requested submission is a nonconsensual condition, nor will I be baited into aggression.

Unbeknownst:

I am the spook with a clock,
Awaiting a single knock.

"When the food and healthcare system facilitates and enables disability, as they profiteer off of illness and its comorbidity, their RICO charge for existential criminality will be administered interdimensionally."

Spell: 044

Truth isn't profitable
When delusion is marketable;
The disillusion is abominable.

"Codependency is a necessity within a service-based economy that stakes its profits on socially prescribed learned helplessness. This structural feature is not due to negligence; it is an integral component that disincentivizes edification and rewards decadence."

Lux in Tenebris | Light in Darkness

Folk be playing
On the black sheep
Covered by the blood of the goat
They don't know who slaughtered the lamb
But destiny is a fixed fight,
And you bitches can't vote.

"Boundaries inform the radius that protects a soul's orbit from violating their ethical code of conduct; when divine symmetry is a construct one strives to achieve, no pawn ought to obstruct."

Shall We Commence?

Gaia is a consensual host
of our evolutionary development.

Upon her, we are spirits
encased within an egg of flesh.

She owes us nothing,
and yet we deny her sentience.

My fellow spiritual evacuees, no longer shall we
labor to exorcise ignorance from its bliss.

As we blow kisses to the psychic abyss,

We were never remiss to this cosmic mission
and the premise of incarnation.

Get your affairs in order;
the dimensions are an unguarded border.

Teary Whispers

Come to me;

Our destiny we must foresee

Come to me;

Together, we shall steady this sea

Come to me;

Swollen is my heart, but not my knee

Come to me;

We are God's Decree

Come to me;

By my soul, you are the sole nominee

Come to me! *Together, we shall be.*

Infested NEST

By the rain,
My soul was rinsed

The wicked stain,
A rainbow evinced

On Reality's Terms

As I engage my environment through situational awareness, I observe the preponderance of Cluster B activity.

The caregiving roles provide cover
for demonic conductivity.

The narcissist is a closeted Satanist.

Regarding the spectrum betwixted by covert and malignant, distance is the best resistance.

Between the Blood of Christ and a lobotomy, there is no fix for a spiritual deformity.

We the Host

White Racial Narcissism is the software,
Imperialism is the hardware

Both function as parasitic,
Employing triangulation as a paralytic

Systemic gaslighting is weaponized
incompetence; The virulence of its pathology
is polyamorous

Spell: 043

In this parasitic maze,

I'm hitching a vine;
Destiny, I'm ringing the divine.

Elections

For me to be patriotic,
I would be enabling my abuser.

Even if I am addicted to the capitalist narcotic,
I know my allegiance requires an antibiotic.

Company

Because I don't want my life in collections,
I protect my assets after liabilities tried to
bankrupt me.

"When controlled media propaganda propagates the dispersion of diversion, it solidifies truth's aversion."

Classroom Hand Raise:

What aspect of colonialism conforms to Meritocracy?

I mean, if a select group of people were to kill, rape and steal, over perpetuity, and overtly formulate systemic barriers via policy that is lobbied for by the theater of democracy, for whom do we perform existential gaslighting as such a selected group mask their projected and internalized inferiority.

Savagery is not Superiority.
It's divine mockery.

And although this affliction is contagious,
it is not cosmically advantageous.

Fascist Utilitarianism

The Field of Psychology repackaged evil as an effective mechanism for sustaining the evolution of feudalism, colonialism, and capitalism.

We now live in a world of spiritual terrorism that defies the laws of naturalism with its permutation of nepotistic demonic synergism.

As I Am:

Quietly seated on a secluded bench
Two hyper melanin deficient Y-chromosomes
Approach, with the intention of burning fags

Neither inquires if I'd mind
When I informed them that
The smokelessness was purposeful

The one in a cowboy hat,
After ignoring me, I sought clarification,
When he states: "I'm not engaging."

As I assume my egress, *I retort,*
"Well, you folks have a lovely day."

Rather fascinating!

Microaggressions leave scars
words cannot reveal.

I am surviving a domestically violent relationship
with White Racial Narcissism.

The world denies the persistent provocations
But swiftly demonizes the slightest of reactions

It is an existential trap.

This planet needs to tilt
The frequency feels wilt

Vibrational Adjuvant

When derision is both
virulent and unprovoked

Within its host, the diabolical
parasite becomes uncloaked

Epigenetic Lesbianism to Churchless Nunnery

Because your grandmother was nutted and her
destiny gutted you knew testosterone was
entrusted to the encrusted

When your crack-addicted aunt
Pimped your mother to your Igbo father

For a green card and more dope,
It makes sense why you felt the devil's grope

When your mother's brother, boyfriend and
your father insisted upon rape, the sweetness of
your grape, *You could not escape*

After psychically tussling with women, you
learned the differential textures of covert and
discrete poison as you healed your intuition

Because I am not in the business of negotiating
liability, my existential circumspection, informed
by experiential observation, which gives
credibility to the inconvertibility of human
tractability and incivility, is why I am married to
the word.

I ain't pimping purpose, and I am not for purchase.

Perimenopausal Ramble

The moral status of modernity
is one of psychic destitution

Evil ain't a puzzle,
It's a parasite

I'm eating garlic,
As exert light

Fuck peacekeeping | I ain't a peacekeeper
I'm a spiritual emancipation seeker

Attention is currency
backed by Intention

In life, as a free-range test subject

Timelines are hemorrhaging
As the hour is unstitched

A roach sought to enter my cookie jar
Bellowing self-importance and, worse, its trauma
as black tar

White Racial Narcissism and those infected by
such psychological deformity

Are analogous to the fiat currency that we vie for on the stock exchange

The actual wealth, materially and genetically, seems to be among the most impoverished peoples of the world

How does this conform to a rationale formation of cultural and societal principles that align with natural laws?

Let me tease this out:

Colonization facilitates extraction
The military ensures access

Industrialization was outsourced
Cheap labor bears profits in excess

Service industry and futile degrees
Incompetence is pervasive, but money grows on trees

The health industry is the 3rd leading cause of mortality
Inflated property value and its property tax is a fraud scheme of irrationality

Prisons house those caged by poverty and give
jobs to the white poor to play cell guard
While the psychopaths play democracy like a
fiddle and the world's wealth, they hoard

It appears psychological warfare is astute
And its pernicious effect is resolute

Accessing clean food, air, and water is a gamble
*This MULTIPOLAR world won't be a*mble

Chukwu, Cover Me??

As I was sweeping my kitchen,
Tears dripped upon the dust

When you are galactic backup,
There is no one you can trust

Life's related interactions were case studies,
Who illustrated the complexities of human
psychologies

I'm severing this ancestry
and snatching the roots from this necrotic tree

Cult-Links

I am an interdisciplinary evolutionary;

To hierarchical systems of casted hate,
I disown any status as a beneficiary

FUCK identity,
I sense frequency.

Inverse Hemispheres

Spirituality is for the left brain,
and physics is for the right

At the intersection of this interconnection,
the divine is light

3-2-2, I Don' Grew

Ring around the rosy,
Hell used to feel cozy

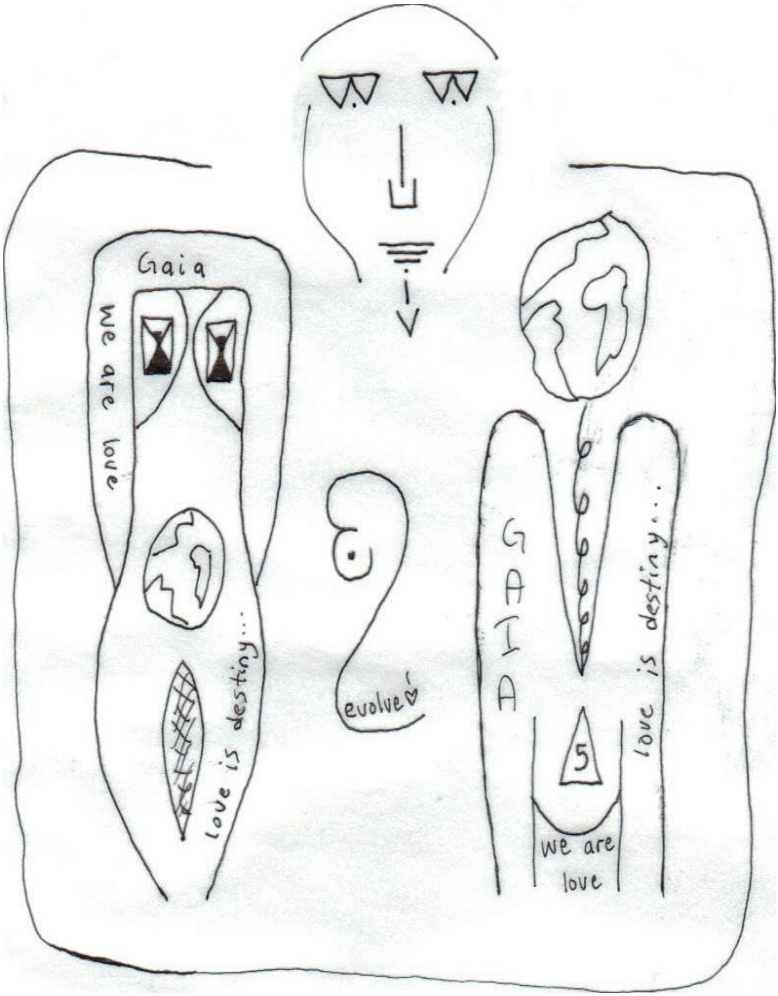
Don't conflate currency with value,
For the rate of exchange will agitate

When the stock of your company goes bust,
The value of peace becomes a bull market

You miss the subtext
If you don't know the context

And when you ain't curious,
You act dubious

The best way for me to get my lick back
Is not to look back


Gaia
we are love
love is destiny...
evolve
GAIA
5
love is destiny...
we are
love